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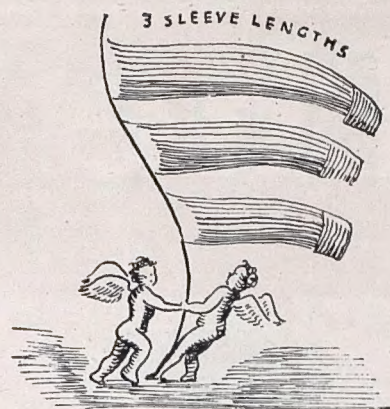
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Marcus Adams

Mrs. Richard Wrottesley and Her Son

Mrs. Wrottesley was Miss Roshnara Wingfield Stratford before her marriage four years ago to Captain Richard Wrottesley, only son of the Hon. Walter Wrottesley, and nephew of Lord Wrottesley. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Esmé Wingfield Stratford. Her husband is serving in The Royal Horse Guards, and was recently decorated with the M.C. by Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. In peace time Mrs. Wrottesley and her husband live at Wrottesley Hall, Lord Wrottesley's place in Staffordshire, but at present she and her small son, Richard Francis Gerrard, are staying with her parents at The Oaks, Berkhamsted



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Conference

MOST important of all the problems overshadowing the conference of the three Allied leaders imminent at the time of going to press was, from the outset of their deliberations, the treatment of Germany in defeat. Marshal Stalin must have anticipated the meeting—which has been preserved as a closer secret than any of the previous venues—in a mood of great confidence and some satisfaction in the knowledge that the soldiers of Russia were fulfilling his promise. They were smashing their way into Germany as he had said they would. Marshal Stalin has never hidden his determination regarding the fate of Germany. His policy has always been clear and straightforward. It is to smash Nazism and to remove the danger of any military revival in Germany in the years to come.

Both in the United States and in this country there has been a tendency to be less specific, but on the eve of the Three-Power meeting it became known that Marshal Stalin would have the support of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. The only difference which has arisen as regards British policy relates to the fate of Hitler. It is felt that it would be a mistake to martyrize him by a long-drawn-out trial as a war criminal. His death by the order of any Court would only serve to perpetuate the legend of Hitlerism. Some British experts feel this strongly. Their desire is to root out all traces of Nazism, and not to drive it deeper into the receptive minds of young Germans who, like all of their race, love nothing better than a mythical hero.

Revenge

THE Russians would like to stage dramatic trials of war criminals, but even they have not been definite in their attitude towards the fate of Hitler. He is undoubtedly the arch-villain. The most dastardly crimes against humanity have been done in his name. Above all, he is the man who made an agreement with Marshal Stalin and then turned round and attacked Russia in the vain hope that he would have an easy and comparatively cheap victory. As the tide began to turn against the Germans, Marshal Stalin, in outlining his immediate plans, is reported to have declared that he had been amazed at the depth of the hatred burning in the minds of the Russian people. He had never imagined that any people could hate the Germans as much as the Russians did then. There has been no change in the Russian outlook, and as Marshal Stalin said at that time, all the Russians wanted was revenge. Now they are about to have that revenge. They are humbling the proud Prussians in their own provinces, and they are driving the German military machine into a state of desperation.

The sum effect of the Russian victories must be to expose Hitler in all his naked pretentiousness. He was the man who made the classic blunder. While the Allies in the west were preparing for a long war he unnecessarily threw away the lives of millions of Germans by sending them to die in Russia without adequate clothing and on a military plan which was, to say the least, short-sighted and inadequate. The German people must

realize this error, and if the blame is fairly and squarely fixed on Hitler, this will be the first means of penetrating the myth of his greatness. If the German people can be made to realize that Hitler was nothing more than a gangster, a man who cared for nothing but his own welfare and that of his colleagues, and was prepared to sacrifice all to achieve

notoriety, it would be far better than staging a trial and condemning him to death.

Hitler should be allowed to die naturally. The shadows of his horrible past should be allowed to close in on him gradually. He should not be given the background of a great tribunal to enhance his position and reputation. He has brought suffering and misery on the world—much greater misery than Napoleon ever caused—and he should be made to count the tally himself in exile without the pomp and majesty of the law to aid him, if he could, to evade the responsibility which belongs to him.

Travellers

THE meeting of the Three-Power leaders has been preceded by the usual rumours as to their destination, and most of them have been wide of the mark. First, Mr. Edward



Major-Gen. G. A. Pilleau, M.C.

Major-Gen. G. A. Pilleau is Chief of Staff Middle East. In *The Queen's Regiment*, he served in the last war, was awarded the M.C. and mentioned in dispatches, and has been twice mentioned during the present one



Major-Gen. J. C. D'Arcy, C.B.E., M.C.

Major-Gen. John Conyers D'Arcy, C.B.E., M.C., is G.O.C. British Troops in Palestine and Transjordan. He was twice wounded in the last war, and again while serving on the North-West Frontier of India in 1930-31



Two British Generals Knighted by the Viceroy at Imphal

Here is Lt.-Gen. Sir William J. Slim, G.O.C.-in-C. the Fourteenth Army, with Lady Slim and Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Scoones, former commander of the 4th Corps, now G.O.C. in India. Gen. Slim was recently awarded the K.C.B., and Gen. Scoones the K.B.E., in recognition of the victory won by the Fourteenth Army in India and Burma



Officers of H.M.S. Tally Ho

The Commander of the submarine Tally Ho and his officers were photographed on their return to their base in England after a year in Far Eastern waters: Lts. S. A. Warner, D.S.C., R.N., C. T. M. Thurlow, R.N.R., P. J. Rouse, R.N., Cdr. L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Lts. (E) P. D. Scott Maxwell, D.S.C., R.N., L. D. Hamlyn, R.N.

Stettinius Jun., was missed from Washington. Then Mr. Harry Hopkins was reported to have been in London and Paris and Rome. Most of the limelight fell on Mr. Hopkins. He is President Roosevelt's closest confidant, and in this capacity he travelled ahead of his chief to deliver messages and to collect information. In the last war President Wilson used the late Colonel House in a similar capacity. Mr. Hopkins is in his fifties, and is deeply interested in welfare work. When he first became President Roosevelt's right-hand man he was much more interested in social policies than in international diplomacy. But with America's entrance into the war Mr. Hopkins made one of his first unofficial visits to London and did a great deal to ensure the smooth co-operation which has ensued between Whitehall and Washington.

It is freely said that if you can convince Mr. Hopkins of the necessity of a certain course of action, President Roosevelt's assent is certain. It is a powerful position for a man to occupy and this apparently carefree, happy-go-lucky, laughter-loving American realizes the responsibility which has fallen on him. Now more than ever Mr. Hopkins's position is one of vital importance. Having recovered from a serious illness, President Roosevelt has given him new tasks associated with the fashioning of peace in Europe after the defeat of Germany.

Comment

MR. HOPKINS has a soft voice and kindly blue eyes. All who have met him proclaim that he is a man of great understanding. I was interested to read the other day that efforts are now being made to develop a new understanding between Britain and the United States. This can be put down to some of the recent outspoken comments about America's attitude to the war, to this country and to the future. Mr. Marquis Childs, one of the most widely syndicated of American columnists, has been in London and told his readers frankly about the British. He has declared that he is surprised that there has been so little discord between the two countries. He has pointed out how the Americans invaded Britain, filled the hotels and clubs, insisted on having their own special food, rushed around in staff cars and jeeps and he asked if the people of Washington, New York, Boston or any other big city would like this to happen to them. "You can imagine how long an explosion would be coming under such circumstances," he says. Particularly if on the top of this the British

were to invade American cities and to proclaim that, "They had come to save us in a war that was not theirs," and to be told frankly, "they did not like our country and were only longing and praying for the day when they could go back home."

Mr. Childs seems to have got nearer than most American commentators to the feelings of the British. He thinks that there are at least three reasons why there has not been greater discord. The first is the basic friendliness of the American soldier. The second is the basic goodwill of the British. The third is the fundamental desire of General Eisenhower to work in harmony with our Allies. "The impression you get today is that co-operation is excellent at the top between high officials, and at the bottom between the average American and the average Briton." Mr. Childs is absolutely right. General Eisenhower has done a magnificent job. I heard a very high official in Whitehall say the other day, that in his opinion there was no man, neither British nor American, who could have achieved what General Eisenhower has in the way of co-operation and co-ordination.

Arrival

THE arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Australia came as a surprise. The voyage had been kept such a close secret. The Duke is Australia's first royal Governor-General, and his appointment to this position by the King is a great tribute to the people of the Dominion. The fact that the Duke has taken three aeroplanes with him indicates that he intends to travel all over Australia. There is one aspect of the Duke's character which will appeal to all Australians. He is a great sportsman and deeply interested in everything appertaining to horses. The Duchess of Gloucester is also a great horse lover and a keen racegoer. Their task will be made easier by the fact that both prefer to live simply and with as little formality as possible.

Finale

HITLER's speech celebrating the beginning of the thirteenth year of Nazi rule over Germany was typical of the man. There were the usual boastings about Nazi achievements and complaints that everybody in the world has misunderstood the Germans. Hitler spoke, or read, his speech in a quiet tone, almost mumbling many words. He did not shout or rave as in the days of old. It was, I believe, his final appearance before the microphone.



Celebrating a Third Anniversary

Lt.-Gen. James H. Doolittle, commander of the U.S. 8th Army Air Force, greeted Air Marshal J. M. Robb, Deputy Chief of Air Staff (Air) at Supreme H.Q., A.E.F., at the film première of "Winged Victory" at the Tivoli Cinema. The performance celebrated the 8th U.S.A.A.F.'s third anniversary in Britain



The President and Lady Dill

President Roosevelt shook hands with Lady Dill, widow of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, when he presented her with the American Distinguished Service Medal awarded to her late husband. Field Marshal Dill died in Washington in November



The Duke of Gloucester in Malta

During their voyage to Australia the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester spent one day at Malta, touring the most populous parts of the island, and were everywhere warmly welcomed. Above, the Duke shakes hands with the heads of the services

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Hollywood's Worst Ending

By James Agate

UP to the last five minutes *The Woman In The Window* (Odeon) was one of the most exciting pictures I had ever seen. So exciting that when my cigar went out I forgot to relight it. And then, right at the end, the whole thing crumpled up in the most miserable way imaginable. I left the theatre wondering what curse is upon Hollywood that it can never achieve a perfect picture. When I got home I looked at Synopsis and I found: "Five minutes before the ending of *The Woman In The Window* in America, the screening was stopped and leading experts challenged to solve the thrilling mystery—not one could give the answer." And for a damned good reason. There was no mystery to solve!

I DON'T know how plain a pikestaff may be, but the events in this film were plainer. A professor at a New York college (Edward G. Robinson), leaving his club late one evening and stopping to gaze at the portrait of a woman in a picture-dealer's window, is accosted by the original of the portrait (Joan Bennett). Would the gentleman like to see some sketches of her by the same artist, her apartment being close at hand? The elderly sucker agrees, presumably having never seen Lavedan's play in which the dissolute Marquis de Priola invites ladies to his house to inspect his collection of almanacs. Presently Edward and Joan are drinking champagne, "quite nicely, of course" as Jean Cadell said in the musical comedy, and then a character who is what Damon Runyon would call a provider appears and tries to throttle the professor.

In the course of the struggle Robinson kills his assailant with the scissors put into his hand by Joan, who hates the provider. The killing being done in self-defence the obvious thing for the professor to do is, in film language, to "call the cops." But that way notoriety lies, and the professor cannot risk appearance on a front page. So he decides to put the body in his car and dump it in some convenient undergrowth, leaving Joan to tidy up the apartment. Then, since the provider always made his visits in secret and since Joan and the professor are the chanciest of acquaintances who don't know each other's names, there cannot be anything, they hold, to connect either of them with the murder.

BUT there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in an American professor's philosophy. It is now revealed that the dead man was the millionaire head of an immense corporation whose shareholders were always afraid that their chief's impetuosity would get him into trouble. To guard against this the shareholders engage a young gentleman to "tail" the millionaire, or, as we should say, shadow him without his knowing. And who could be better for the job than an ex-blackmailer and convict? I had not to my knowledge previously seen Dan Duryea, but I congratulate Hollywood on a genuine acquisition. The newcomer's performance of the blackmailer who loses no time in getting to work on Joan is enchanting throughout; Lamb would have said, it would be worth while being blackmailed to "get the idea of" so smooth, so urbane, so *logical* a rogue. Joan at once communicates with the professor whose identity she has by this time discovered, and the professor says: There are only three ways to deal with a blackmailer. The first is to pay him and go on paying him until

you're penniless. The second is to call the police. The third is to kill him. If the professor had been less of an innocent he would have known that there are not three ways but six. The first is to pay the first demand, Sir George Lewis being my authority for the statement that one blackmailer in ten is satisfied with a single bite. The second is to go on paying. The third is to tell the blackmailer to do his damndest and even indicate where the telephone is. The fourth is to ring up the police and deny everything. The fifth is to ring up the police and make a clean breast of whatever it is. The sixth is to kill

the swine, and tell the police you've killed him. There is a seventh way, but this is wholly foolish and impermissible. This is to kill the blackmailer and try to hide the fact that you have killed him. But that is by the way.

Our couple proposed to try method No. 7, and to say nothing about it. But the blackmailer knows all about poisoned drinks, and goes on to make his first haul of five "grand" and the millionaire's watch which Joan has incautiously kept. Blackmailer doesn't presume to dictate, but it would really be very nice of Joan if she would have another five "grand" ready for him on the following evening at the same time. He leaves Joan's apartment and straightway the entire film goes to pieces. For the blackmailer falls in with the cops who, it appears, are after him for some other job. Trapped, he starts to shoot it out. But the cops shoot straighter, and since they find the millionaire's watch and the five "grand" on the body, what more natural



1. Richard Wanley (Edward G. Robinson), a college professor, is admiring a beautiful portrait in a gallery window when he comes face to face with the artist's model, Alice Reed (Joan Bennett)



2. Alice invites the professor to her apartment to see some of the artist's other paintings. The professor is engrossed in the paintings when suddenly they are interrupted



6. A Boy Scout discovers the body and police investigations begin. These are conducted by Frank Lalor (Raymond Massey), an assistant district attorney and close friend of Wanley's. Because of his friendship with the attorney, the professor is able to keep in close touch with developments and he is amazed at the accurate reconstruction of the crime by Inspector Jackson (Tom Jackson)

than the assumption that it was Dan who murdered the millionaire? Which lets our friends out.

At this point Synopsis bids us prepare for a surprise ending and begs those of us who write for the Press not to disclose it. But let me ask: *Where is the mystery?* We have seen who committed the murder and why, and how and why the police are satisfied. What on earth is the riddle? The riddle, of course, is how, having got those delightful players, Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett, into a jam, International Pictures proposed to get them out of it without loss of face. I am not surprised that America's experts failed; it could not have occurred to them that anybody would dare to fob an audience off with a conclusion so lame, so impotent, so jejune and so hackneyed. Nevertheless, I repeat that up to the last few minutes the film held me completely in spite of the fact that Raymond

Massey has a rôle which begins promisingly and peters out miserably. I was held by an excellent story and the fact that I get more pleasure from Edward G. Robinson's monkey face than from the splendid dials of any six of Hollywood's young leading men. As for the blackmailer, I cannot think of an afternoon call which would give me greater pleasure or him less profit.

SUPPOSE I were to want an alibi for a murder I committed between the hours of 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. on Monday last week. I should feel quite safe to say that I had been to see *Hostages*, the French film now being revived at the Academy. I am examined by a detective, and I imagine the conversation would be something like this:

DET.: "The film is a French one, I presume?"

J.A.: "Yes, with English captions."

DET.: "But you speak French?"

J.A.: "I am constantly reproached with writing it."

DET.: "Tell me the story of the film."

J.A. (who remembers the original production, does so).

"There is a marvellous sequence in which the hostages are seen walking down the road prior to giving themselves up."

DET.: "Did the audience seem to understand the film?"

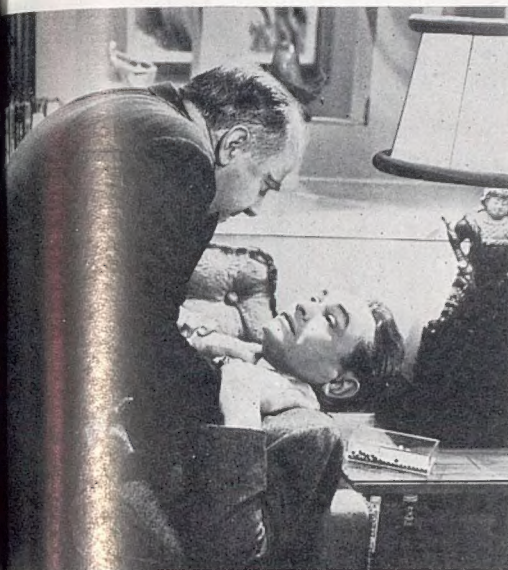
J.A.: "Of course. But then a considerable portion of the audience at these French films is French."

DET.: "Are you aware, Mr. Agate, that once a year the Film Society takes over the Academy for one performance and that this is what happened on the evening in question? Can you explain how you came to see a performance which did not in fact take place?"

J.A.: (balbutiant) "Mais je vous assure. . ."

DET.: "Come on—the car's waiting."

Yes, murder is a trickier business than the professor in the other film so lightly supposed. *Hostages*, which I saw on the Tuesday evening, still remains a marvel of wit and charm. It is a little picture. And one should be grateful for a masterpiece which is content to be little.



3. A Stranger (Arthur Loft) bursts into the room. He savagely attacks Wanley who, without other means of defence, seizes the first thing in hand, a pair of scissors



4. Wanley kills the stranger with the scissors. His first thought is to tell the police but he hesitates as he realizes the notoriety and inevitable ruin of his career which will follow



5. Alice tells the professor that she is unaware of the real identity of the stranger and Wanley decides to get the body away in his car and dispose of it in the woods



7. The case is complicated by the appearance of Heidt (Dan Duryea) one of the murdered man's henchmen and a man with a police record. Heidt tells Alice he has shadowed the murdered man to her apartment but offers to keep quiet if she and her "friend" will pay \$5,000

Mystery, Murder, Suspense

"The Woman in the Window" is a Thriller



8. Wanley is saved from a difficult predicament by the arrival of the police who are trailing Heidt for some other offence against the law. Heidt tries to shoot it out . . . he is killed in the process and surprise developments save the sedate little professor from further embarrassments

The Theatre

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Haymarket)

By Horace Horsnell

FLIES may be found in the purest aesthetic fointment, and productions of this lovely play seldom give perfect satisfaction. Even in the most scrupulous circumstances the Dream is at odds with the business. Yet hope springs eternal in the playgoer's breast, and he approaches the frontiers of Fairyland with fingers crossed, so to speak, and full of wishful expectation.

In this case he is assured beforehand that Mendelssohn will not intrude. And when Purcell and his musical kindred so tactfully lift the curtain on the splendid palace of Theseus, which Inigo Jones himself appears to have adorned, all seems more than well. Purrs of anti-Mendelssohnian satisfaction are heard. Fashion, the fanatical minority, and the man in the street are for once unitedly agog. And when the Duke, in Mr. Leon Quartermain's best voice, amorously rallies his somewhat reserved Hippolyta, the springs of hope seem for once not merely wishful. The auguries are propitious, and there is everything to come.

The quartet of lovers plead their tangled cases clearly. The elopement rendezvous in the Wood near Athens is fixed, and away we go to meet the rude mechanicals in the workshop of Peter Quince where their hymeneal divertissement for the Duke is so happily conceived.

We are immediately delighted by the comic art with which Mr. Miles Malleon floods the fun with character. Things are going well and gathering impetus. The wonders of Fairyland are coming. Puck and that pert First Fairy meet for their preliminary spar; and although he seems more mature than mercurial, and the Wood itself less ethereal than umbrageous, their Fairy Majesties are at hand, and all may yet be well.

ALAS! for wishful expectations. The music of the spheres that by now should be clearly heard seems shy, its ineffable harmonies muted by earthbound elocution. Moreover, the Fairy King seems in hectoring mood. He harangues his dainty Queen in a voice of mortal petulance and authority rather than the cadence of a moonlight sonata. The words are there, but not, as yet, the music or the magic.

It would not be difficult for the fastidious to find excuses for disappointment in this solidly handsome production, the decor of which is sumptuous, and the costumes lovely. Though the make-up and deportment of Mr. Gielgud's Oberon incline more to autumn than midsummer, Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Titania has the prettiest shimmer. And while Mr. Max Adrian's Puck has the rustic wit and cunning that might many a bean-fed horse beguile, he seems a very homespun fairy.



The King and Queen of the Fairies, Oberon and Titania (John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft)

The courtiers and the quartet of lovers are splendidly garbed and briskly bemused. Miss Marian Spencer's Helena cleverly tempers the romantic terrors of Hide and Seek with the humours of the Wild Goose Chase.

The temptation to overplay the incidental tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* must be

irresistible, and it is not resisted here. Indeed, had pails of blood figured in the fun, as pails of whitewash figure in less legitimate burlesque, our old friends the Crazy Gang must have looked to their laurels. It was unmistakably what the first-night audience wanted.

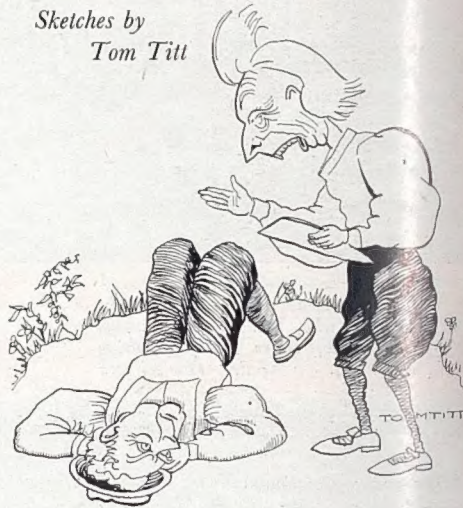
As to the question, the vexed question, of the music, it may be a philistine heresy to suggest that Mendelssohn was missed in any but a "good riddance" sense. Yet it is a heresy to which, on this occasion, I am inclined to subscribe. True he is not Shakespearean, but who except Shakespeare is?

That pleasantly pompous Wedding March which has carried so many happy mortals in triumph from the vestry to the camera batteries at the porch, and without which they might have felt merely canonically wed, would have given familiar authority to the general rejoicing that crowns these Athenian nuptials.

After all, the occasion is not so severely period as to be embarrassed by a touch or two of anachronism. And having burnt my aesthetic boats, let me add sentimental regrets for Mendelssohn's appeal to Philomel to augment the fairy lullaby whose honeyed harmony facilitates Titania's undoing.

This enchanting play must be a teaser to produce. Shakespeare has done so much for the dream that its translation into business might well seem insuperable and lead to the conviction that the only stage on which these elements may be ideally fused is in the theatre of one's dreams.

Sketches by
Tom Tilt



At the rehearsal: Bottom and Quince (Leslie Banks and Miles Malleon)



Hermia chases her bewitched lover, Lysander (Isabel Dean and Patrick Crean)



Helena seeks to woo the unresponsive Demetrius (Marian Spencer, Francis Lister)

Anglo-French Alliance

Commandant Martell and the Hon. Audrey Paget



The marriage of Commandant Christian Martell, French Air Force, and the Hon. Audrey Paget, daughter of Lord Queenborough and the late Edith Lady Queenborough, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride was given away by her father, and her sister, the Hon. Enid Paget, and her cousin, Miss Susan Winn, were bridesmaids



Before going away the bride had a farewell talk with her bridesmaids, the Hon. Enid Paget and Miss Susan Winn

Photographs by Swaebe

(Right) Col. D. Maclean, Miss Angela Jackson, Miss Ann Mackenzie and Major David Smiley were four wedding guests



Gen. Corniglion-Molinier, of the French Air Force, was talking to Miss Patricia Macauley



Mrs. Codrington Crawshaw and Mrs. Raymond Carnegie looked at the wedding photographs



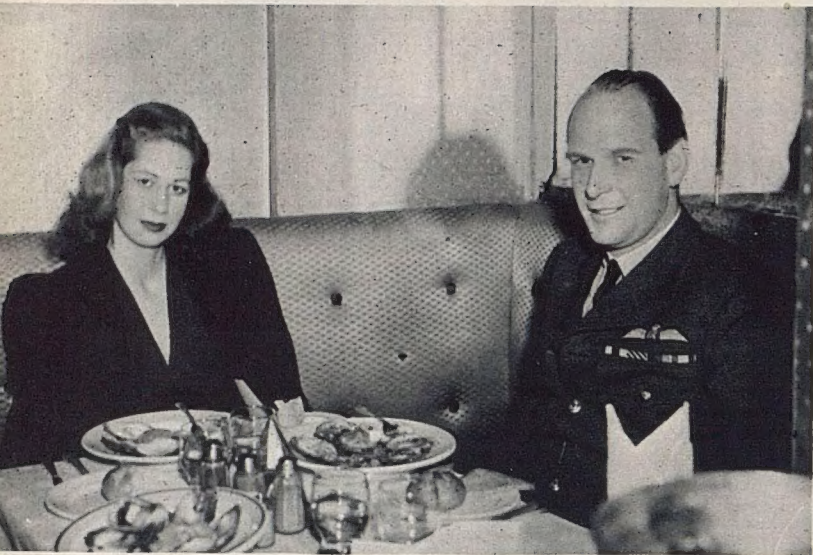
Mrs. T. A. Macauley came to the reception with her daughter, Viscountess Vaughan



Miss Edith Isakiewicz sat with Mr. "Chips" Channon, who lent his house for the reception



Also there were Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Francis Cassell, Miss Ruth Charlton and Col. Pitt



Round the Town at Dinner Time: Two Recent Pictures

Count and Countess Manfred Czernin started their dinner with oysters at the Bagatelle. He is the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Frost's son by her first marriage, and his wife, formerly Maud Hamilton, is a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn



The Hon. Peter Beatty was Lady Stanley of Alderley's right-hand neighbour at dinner at Ciro's. He is Earl Beatty's only brother. Lady Stanley, formerly Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, returned to England from the United States last year

Swabe

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Shooting in Norfolk

UNDETERRED by the snow and a formidable number of degrees of frost, the King has been enjoying some shooting in Norfolk, while spending a few days with the Queen and the Princesses in that county of wide acres and invigorating air.

Like his father, the King is greatly attached to Norfolk, which, though few people remember it, is his home county, for His Majesty was born at York Cottage, the little house on the Sandringham estate so long the country home of King George and Queen Mary; and, like his father, he has a fondness for shooting, which he allows nothing outside his official and State duties to interrupt. Indeed, on days when his fellow-guns have looked dolefully at the white, snow-enfolded countryside, and thought fondly of indoor comforts and big log fires, the King, full of spirit and in robust health, has enjoyed every moment of his outdoor day, as keen and as quick of eye at the end of the afternoon as at the start of the shoot. Her Majesty's brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, who returned to this country only a few weeks ago from the United States, where he had been carrying out an important mission for the Ministry of Economic Warfare, was one of several of the King's friends invited to join him in the shoots.

Even on the Royal estates game is scarce in this sixth and very hard winter of war, but there were some good "bags" for entry in the game book, which the King keeps with meticulous care, and, like other shots to-day, His Majesty did not confine his gun to pheasants and partridges in the season which closed on February 1st. From another shoot come details of a day's bag on the last outing of the season that would not read amiss in the pages of Mr. Jorrocks's adventures. Twenty-seven cock pheasants, one wild duck, two rabbits and three grey squirrels fell to four guns.

Government officials responsible, the Duchess has expressed herself greatly pleased with the new and extended accommodation provided at the Governor-General's residence in Canberra, where five-months-old Prince Richard is making history as the first baby to take up quarters there. Viscountess Clive, senior Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H., who has been given a house of her own in the capital, is also delighted with the arrangements made for her comfort.

Busiest of the Royal party just now is tall Brig. Schreiber, the Duke's Chief-of-Staff,

who, in addition to attending to all the details of the settling-in process at Government House, has, as the chief channel of communication with the Duke, to deal with the shoal of applications and requests from all over the Dominion for early visits by the Governor-General and his Duchess. For the present, all such suggestions are being put away and filed for future reference, as the Duke has expressed a wish to have time to become more familiar with Australian ways and customs before he even begins to plan his programmes outside Canberra.

In Australia, with its vast territorial distances, the Duke has announced his intention of using air transport a great deal, and I understand that a "Governor-General's Flight" of machines, flown and maintained by the Royal Australian Air Force, is to be set up for his use. Like the cars he is using in the Dominion, the Duke's aircraft will display the badge of a Governor-General, the lion and crown on a blue shield, and not the Duke's personal arms or standard as a member of the Royal Family. The same badge is being worn as a shoulder flash by all members of the Duke's staff at Canberra.



Mrs. Hubert Buxton

The wife of Major H. E. Buxton, The King's African Rifles, was formerly Miss Anne Bowring. She has been serving as a V.A.D. in the Middle East and East Africa. The Buxtons have estates in Kenya



Mrs. John Christian

Mrs. Christian has been working for the past four years as a part-time V.A.D. Her husband is Major John Christian, 60th Rifles, who is at present serving with his regiment abroad

Yeovnde

News from "Down-Under"

FIRST reports from Australia show that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are settling down easily to their new life "down-under." To the delight of the Australian



A Recent London Wedding

The marriage of Major Hugh Clifford, The Devonshire Regiment, and the Hon. Katharine Vavasour Fisher took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Fisher, of Kilverstone Hall, Thetford

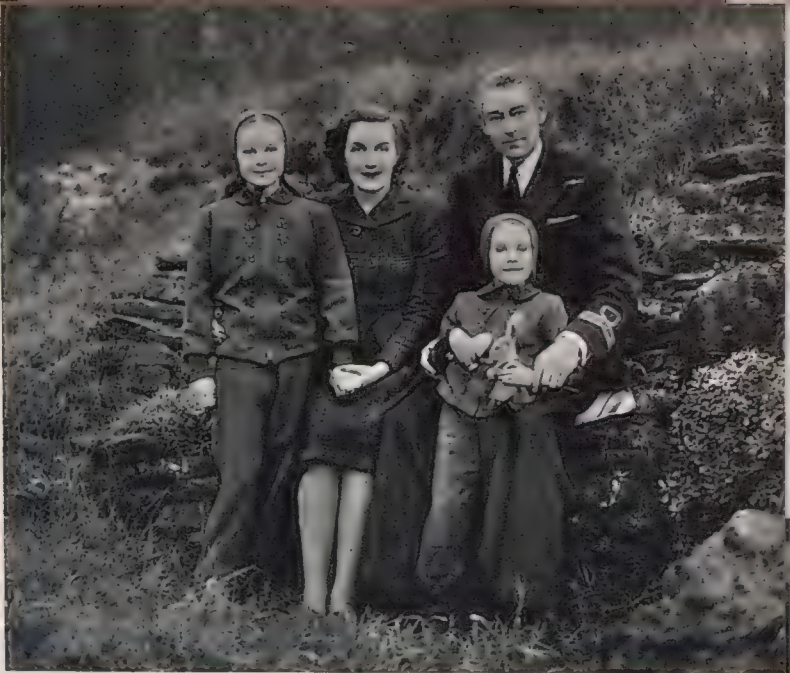
Paget Wedding

SHORTAGE of glasses led to champagne in coffee cups at the wedding reception of the Hon. Audrey Paget and Commandant Christian Martell. Mr. Henry Channon lent his lovely house in Belgrave Square for the party, and there was a terrific crowd there, most of whom had come on from St. James's, Spanish Place, where the ceremony took place. Seldom have a bride and her bridesmaids looked lovelier; Miss Paget's wedding-gown was of stiff white brocade with a full crinoline skirt, and her sister, Enid, and Miss Susie Winn were in white velvet, their full skirts, in contrast to that of the bride, falling in soft, straight folds. Their wreaths of fresh flowers—camellias for the bride, and lilies-of-the-valley, Christmas roses and freezias for the bridesmaids—were charming, and so were their bouquets of the same flowers. Short tulle veils were worn by all three, though the bridesmaids had theirs very attractively brought forward and looped under their chins. Lord Queenborough, looking festive in a grey frock-coat and buttonhole, received with his eldest daughter, the Hon. Lady Baillie (the bride's stepsister), and the family was well

represented, for the bride's other stepsister, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, was there, as well as Lord Queenborough's sister, Miss Dinah Paget, Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Paget and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward. The wife of the French Ambassador was present, as the groom is a Frenchman, as well as several of his brother officers in the French Air Force.

Conservative Candidate

THE adoption by the Conservative Party, in the Rugby Division of Warwickshire, of Lt.-Col. Tony Pepys as their prospective candidate at the next election is very popular in that county, where his parents have lived for many years. Being a regular soldier, Col. Pepys has not lived down there for any great length of time since his boyhood, but has always spent his leaves at his home, so knows the constituency well. He lost a foot in action with his regiment in Libya, where he was awarded a D.S.O. at El Alamein, but overcoming all obstacles, he has managed to get back into the fight, and has been out with the Second Army in North-West Europe since last summer. His father, Col. Walter Pepys, formed



A Family of Four

Compton Collier

Lieut.-Cdr. Allen Bacon and his wife have two daughters, Deidre and Grania. Mrs. Bacon is the only daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir William Ireland de Courcy Wheeler and of Lady Wheeler, and a niece of Lord Craigmyle

and commanded the Home Guard in part of Warwickshire in 1940, and his mother has worked since the beginning of the war at Kineton House Hospital, the home of Mrs. "Jos" Fielden, which was turned into a hospital at the outbreak. Col. Pepys's sister, Mrs. Bill Wainman, also lives in Warwickshire, so will be able to help her brother in his campaign. Her husband is also with the Second Army and commands a famous mechanised cavalry regiment.

On Leave

ONE notices many men in uniform on leave about just now. Dining the other night there were some officers still in their battle-dress. One was worn by a very young Lieut.-Colonel with the flash of the "ever open eye" on his arm, who had only just arrived on leave, and, like many others, was looking bronzed and well, in spite of all the hardships of such a severe winter on the battlefields. Lady Joan Birkbeck, down from her home in Norfolk, was with a party of four. Her brother, the Earl of Munster, recently made a very extensive tour of the

(Concluded on page 184)



"The Magic Cat," a Christmas Pantomime in Aid of the Brabham Homecoming Fund

"The Magic Cat" was held at the Madeline Hall, Brabham, and some members of the distinguished cast are shown above: Douglas Mackintosh, Betty Viscountess St. Davids, Sheena Mackintosh, Vera Mackintosh, the Hon. Lelgarde Phillips, Philip Adeane, Mrs. Illingworth, Mr. Jack Gold, Charles Adeane, Charlock Mackintosh, Christine Adeane



Mrs. Joyce Adeane, the Hon. Lelgarde Phillips and Mr. Jack Gold were rehearsing, with Lady Jean Mackintosh at the piano. Mr. Gold wrote the pantomime and produced it with the aid of Mrs. Adeane

The Spice of Love

Infinite Variety is the Lonsdale Idea
in "Another Love Story"



Reginald: "Your father was a sheep-herder, but you have breeding, culture. Where did you get it from?" (Michael points to the sky)
Michael Fox (Anton Walbrook) has no background. His engagement to the daughter of Mrs. Williams Browne (Zena Dare) is a shock for the family, especially for second husband Reginald (Campbell Cotts)



Celia: "Do you realise we are to be married in a week's time?"
George Wayne is always in trouble with one woman or another. His latest romance with his managing director's daughter—a strong-minded young woman determined to marry—looks like leading to the altar (Roland Culver, Yvonne Marling)

Photographs by
John Vickers



Michael: "Why do you keep biting your handkerchief?"
Diana: "I am just trying to amuse myself until you begin to amuse me"

Part of Diana's scheme is to get Michael to her room, where, according to plan, they will be discovered

Diana: "You conceited ape, I don't care if I never see you again!"

Diana begins to realise that Michael is just playing with her. In spite of all her efforts, he remains maddeningly self-contained. Somehow, he has learnt of her plan



George: "It was nice to see that look in your face that I always loved to see when I was in love with you"

Unexpectedly upon the scene comes *Diana Flynn* (*Judy Campbell*), who years ago left her husband for the fascinating *Michael Fox*. In league with the family, she plans to upset *Michael's* wedding arrangements



George: "What are you going to do with these letters?"

George's secretary, *Maggie Sykes* (*Rosalyn Boulter*), is not going to allow *George* to get married if she can help it. Fortunately, she has been wise enough to keep some old, foolishly-written letters of his which prove useful in influencing his final decision

● The latest Lonsdale comedy, *Another Love Story*, has come to the Phoenix Theatre, London, after a successful run in New York. The story is purely farcical, recounting, as it does, the adventures in and out of matrimony of a group of people who find themselves fellow-members of a house-party at the home of Mrs. Williams Browne on Long Island, N.Y. Zena Dare is the hostess, A. E. Matthews, her first husband, whose charm has increased rather than decreased with the passing years, Anton Walbrook, the penniless, artistic young man who plans to marry money, and Judy Campbell, the young woman who cherishes a permanent resentment against the man who was once her lover



Mortimer: "When I took your thermos to your bedroom, both the young ladies were in your bed"

Mortimer, the old family butler (*Michael Shepley*), breaks the news to *George* that neither his secretary nor his fiancée will give him up without a fight



Elsie: "Darling, unhappily you never will grow old, you never will settle down"

Elsie Williams Browne (*Zena Dare*) finds that the charm of her first husband, *John Asprey* (*A. E. Matthews*), upon whom she has called in the family crisis, is as irresistible and unstable as ever

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MAESTRO WILLIAM WALTON's fanfare for the Sir Henry Wood Memorial Concert in March will be slow, solemn, and majestic, and will last two-and-a-half minutes, we observe, which is a trifle longer than the lovely fanfare Elgar wrote for *Grania and Diarmuid*, unless we err abominably.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines a fanfare as "a flourish of trumpets, bugles, etc.," which is concise enough but not terribly good. Most of the potentates and High Transparencies for whom fanfares have been composed came straight from the banqueting-hall and were feeling far too ill for flourishes. If you've ever been present at an Assizes you will remember that the fanfare performed by the judges' trumpeters on the opening morning is short and plain, apart from being quite execrable. This is in order not to rattle you with involved brassy twiddles before Boomer, K.C., takes you to pieces ("I put it to you that she . . ."). Maybe that plain brief fanfare (eight notes) in the forest scene of *Boris Godounov* also has a humanitarian motive, since the stout tenor singing Dmitri, the Young Pretender, is generally on a horse at this moment and liable to fall off.

The technique of the fanfare being still connected with crowns and periwigs, there is no provision by composers as yet for big boys in attractive modern costume, like an American or a Swiss President. Mr. Walton would be the right chap to compose

a Fanfare for Shy Middle-Class Potentate in Bowler Hat, we feel.

Copycats

A DAINTY little news-item reporting that dainty American women are taking to dainty briars, owing to the cigarette shortage, shows that for the first time in history since Washington opened his mouth without saying something vital, America is copying a cockeyed fashion from us, instead of the other way round.

In the haywire 1920's, when the Bright Young People were ramping round unchecked, God help them, and anything might happen in London except anything sensible, the smart West End tobacco boys, backed by the Press, tried feverishly to put dainty briars, often jewelled, across what the gossip-boys whimsily called My Lady, who laid her dainty ears back and passed their flaflo up cold. It may be that the Trade has succeeded at last in unloading those unwanted stocks of dainty briars on the New York market? Good luck to it, say we, and congratulations; also, while we think of it, to a Mrs. Emily Wagtail, who, we notice from the papers, recently cured her acidity with one single dose of Bongolene.



IONICUS

"Seven under fours, only two holes to play, your last ball at the bottom of the pond, and you're quibbling over a mere 5s. 6d. for this"

Footnote

THAT reference to George Washington's mouth, by the way, is stuck in to please the boys in Wimpole Street, whose butlers will be laying this very number of THE TATLER on the waiting-room table round about June 1947. If you ever see the famous Gilbert Stuart portrait (1796) of that great man, you will be struck by its grim, tight, hard-jawed expression which gave George III. the willies. Over the wine and walnuts one day Stuart laughingly revealed that the President had just inserted a complete new set of false teeth.

Macabre

YET another essential Contract Bridge textbook has just been published. In a vision we saw thousands of unhappy robots queueing up for it, with suspens in their sterile, feverish eyes, and heard once more the mocking laughter of El Culbertson and Milton C. Work.

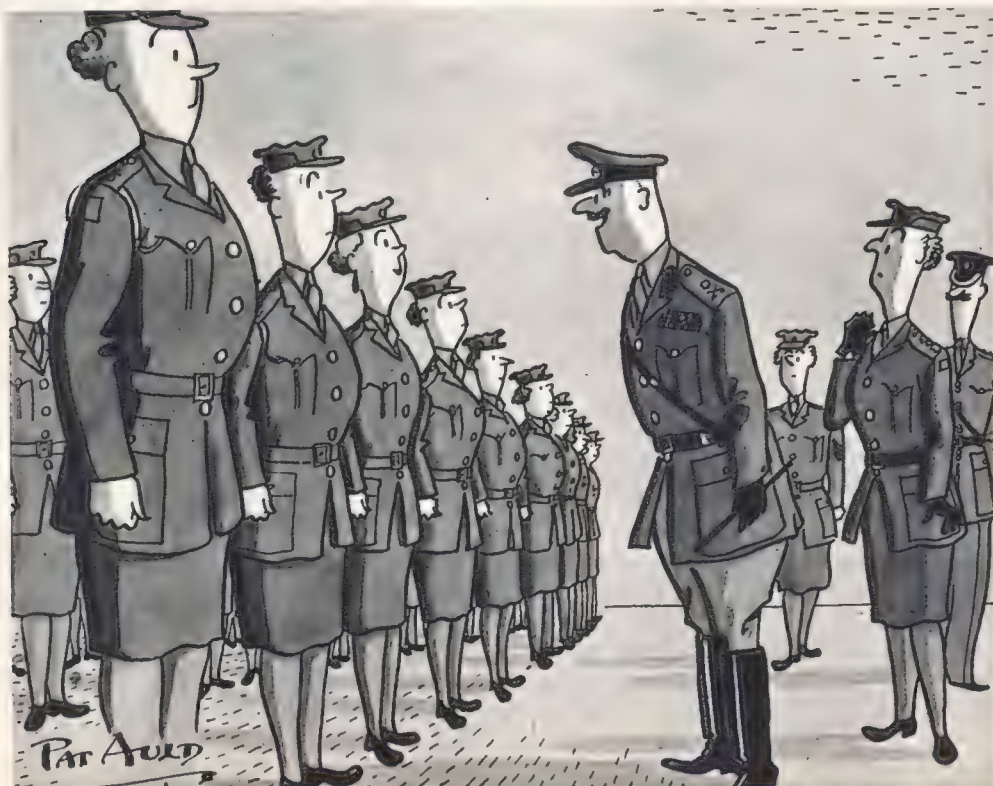
Since those two Cossacks charged into the racket and turned bridge into a mathematicians' hell, no Contract robot has any hope any more of love, or laughter, or the first trembling kiss, or domestic felicity, or the first cuckoo in Spring, or the patter of tiny feet. Moreover, many robots go mad under the strain of memorising five thousand "systems"; especially the women. We knew one bridge-woman who used to find a dream-child nestling on her knee halfway through every rubber. Once it turned out to be James ("Boss") Agate in purple velvet and a sweet Fauntleroy collar. That was a discovery. Coo! What ecstasy! Look, Major Deadpan! At last! Then a grinding, pitiless voice:

"Why did you double my diamonds?"
"Diamonds! What are they to me, compared with this?"

Here the bridge-woman began to croon a lullaby, rocking to and fro.

"Why did you double my diamonds?"

(Concluded on page 174)



"Frankly, my dear, I'm not sure that ear-rings really suit you"



Lady Paston-Bedingfeld and her husband, Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, celebrated his return from abroad by dining with Miss Jacqueline de Percival and G/Capt. E. T. Nelson



A cheerful threesome were Mrs. Jardine Hunter-Paterson, Lord Mount Charles and the Hon. Esme Noel-Buxton

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaebe



Lord Richard Wellesley was at a table for four with Mrs. Ashley Rushton, S/Ldr. Philip Aiken and Mrs. Robin Grant



Miss Pamela Newall, daughter of Lady Claud Hamilton, was with Captain Buchanan Desmond, the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile and Miss A. de Zulueta



Miss Cynthia Cadogan, daughter of Sir Alexander Cadogan, was with Lord Brabourne's brother, the Hon. John Knatchbull



Major D. C. Smiley, M.C., sat at the head of the table with Lady Ebury and Lt. John Smiley on his right, the Hon. Mrs. Houghton Lyle and Capt. Blake Owen Smith on his left



At a sofa table were the Hon. Myfida Kenyon, Major P. D. Krolik, Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn and Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon and his sister, Miss Myfida Kenyon, are twins



"Come on, Miss Fergusson, when in Rome do as Rome does"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

"Oh, look at his eyes, Mrs. Hackstraw! Blue as the summer sky! My little one!" Here the Boss said "Wa, wa," meaning "You remind me, Madam, of Sarah Bernhardt in 'Phèdre.' Moreover, I feel sick." "Tell Culbertson, somebody."

And so to the cruel finale. We're wrong about the dream-child. That particular one would have been sitting up showing everybody how the rubber should have been played. Maybe it was the Home Secretary, or some docile poppet.

Arcadiana

ROUND about The Haymarket, Chalk Farm, May Fair, Long Acre, Golder's Green, Shepherd's Bush, and other noted metropolitan agricultural areas the local hayseeds, our spies report, are delighted at the recent move of the National Farmers' Union in establishing a London Branch. All they demand is that the growing national industry represented by the National Baby-Farmers' Union be asked to co-operate.

Agriculture in some of these areas needs a fillip. There are far fewer prize cows on view in May Fair than there were in Queen Anne's time, and the once-celebrated milkmaids at Chalk Farm are now mostly ginmaids. The sheep-shearing competitions of Long Acre have been transferred to the big City pastures, and though the gentle denizens of Shepherd Market, off May Fair, would feel lost without their crooks, they nowadays do more damning than lambing. However, our metropolitan hayseeds remain a simple, kindly folk, easily duped and very placid. To see the sturdy Haymarket locals enjoying a pint and a pipe in the Carlton taproom after the day's work is an object-lesson in Arcadian contentment.

Chum

LABORATORY rats have been busily breathing in methyl-mercury-iodide recently, we read, on behalf of science boys

doing research on certain obscure industrial diseases.

The life of a laboratory rat, a chap in close touch was telling us, is brief but not unexciting. Beautiful women who hang round Cambridge laboratories often prefer the rats to the other scientific workers. This sets up a lot of ill-feeling round the benches, especially among scrubby little forlorn biologists with acid-stained fingers who smell damnably of amylbenzylethylmanganylchloryl but whose tiny hearts

flame like Bunsen burners. Sometimes the director of the laboratory will try (in vain) to ease the situation a bit.

"I wonder if you'd mind not stroking that rat so much and stroking Stinker for a moment instead? He's half crazy with jealousy."

"Stinker?"

"That little biochemist like a monkey glaring at us over there from behind a test-tube."

"Oh, my dear, I couldn't."

"I'll have him put in a cage and deodorised for you."

"Oh, my dear, I just couldn't."

This appeal is dictated not by sentiment but by economics, the habit of erotic biologists being to seize and chew all the glass they can find. What drives them crazy is the insolent simper of a newly-petted rat. They don't realise rats have charm.



"Ps-s-sst! Quick, get two friends and a blanket"

Surprise

TO find the Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of Madame Tussaud's Limited prosaically reported on one of Auntie Times's City pages was interesting. We bet you've never thought of the Chamber of Horrors in terms of sinking-funds and gross trading profits and debentures and carry-forwards and all the rest of it? Nor we.

The advantage of being a debenture-holder in the Company, we guess, is that when you murder somebody you get your place in the Chamber of Horrors right away. Any murder by (or of) any debenture-holder is bound to be pretty dull and one fears the hopelessly banal features of a debenture-holder would hardly give Mr. Tussaud much scope. He could get a light effect of villainy by chipping out a tooth, perhaps, as Michaelangelo did with his Faun, but no artist can do much with general mediocrity. Still, privilege is privilege.

The only murderer who looks to us even faintly like a typical debenture-holder is Dr. Crippen; but if you remember, Crippen turned out to be a highly chivalrous little man. Would any criminal debenture-holder shield a woman? . . . Joad? Well—er—tee-hee. . . .

D. B. Wyndham-Lewis



Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Lloyd Courtney, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney became Air Member for Supply and Organisation on the Air Council in 1940. Entering H.M.S. Britannia in 1905 as a Naval cadet, in 1912 he joined the Royal Naval Air Service, in which he served during the last war, transferring in 1918 to the R.A.F. After three years on the Directing Staff of the R.A.F. Staff College, he served in South Kurdistan, and in 1931 became Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command. He was to return to Iraq in 1937 as A.O.C., British Forces. At the Air Ministry, Air Chief Marshal Courtney has held the posts of Director of Training, Director of Staff Duties, Director of Operations and Intelligence and Deputy Chief of Air Staff; and previous to his present appointment commanded the Reserve Command of the R.A.F. He visited the United States on two occasions during 1944 on official business, returning from his most recent six-weeks' trip in December. He was awarded the G.B.E. in the recent New Year's Honours

Leaders of Liberalism

The Liberal Party Headquarters in London



Mr. Raymond Jones, the Chief Agent of the Liberal Party, stands under the portrait of a very famous member of the Party and former Liberal Prime Minister, the late Lord Oxford and Asquith



Sir Andrew McFadyean is Joint Honorary Treasurer of the Liberal Party, and prospective Liberal candidate for Hampstead. He held the post of Commissioner for Controlled Revenues in Berlin from 1924 to 1930

● With the next General Election not far off, the mood at Liberal Party H.Q. is one of confidence and optimism. The Liberals believe that they will very considerably increase their representation in the House of Commons. In 1935, the Liberal Party, under the leadership of Sir Herbert Samuel, received a vote of 1,377,962, and obtained only 17 seats in the House, while the Liberal National Party, led by Sir John—now Lord—Simon, scored 33 seats on a vote of 866,624. Although a reconciliation of the two groups has not been accomplished, the Liberal Party, now led by Sir Archibald Sinclair, look forward to the future with high hopes, believing that their prestige has greatly increased in recent years, especially since the addition of Sir William Beveridge to their ranks

Photographs by Pictorial Press



The Rt. Hon. Sir Percy Harris, Bt., M.P., has been Chief Whip of the Party since 1940. Called to the Bar in 1898, he has been three times round the world, and lived for three years in New Zealand. He was responsible in 1914 for the creation of the Volunteer Training Corps, of which he later became Hon. Assistant Director. He has represented South-West Bethnal Green since 1922



Mr. Herbert Worsley, Joint Treasurer with Sir Andrew McFadyean, is seen with Miss Deborah Allaway, Financial Secretary, at work at the Party Headquarters in Gayfere Street, London



M. E. H. Gilpin is the post of Chairman of Executive Committee of Liberal Party Organisation



Sir William Beveridge, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., discuss some political problems. Lady Violet became President of the Party on February 1, and Mr. Foot is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare



Sir John Stewart-Wallace, M.P., is Hon. Secretary of the Party. He is a barrister and Chief Land Registrar of H.M. Land Registry, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He is the author of several publications on Land Registration



Mr. Wilfred Roberts, M.P., is Chairman of the Liberal Party Organisation and Deputy Whip. He has been Liberal Member of Parliament for North Cumberland for ten years



Mr. Everett Jones and Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, C.H., are seen at the conference table. Mr. Jones is a member of the Executive Committee and Parliamentary candidate for Chester. Mr. Rowntree is Chairman of the Transport Committee



Lady Rhys-Williams, D.B.E., chairman of the Publicity and Publications Committee and Hon. Secretary of the Women's Liberal Federation, is with **Mr. W. R. Davies,** Directing Secretary of the Liberal Party



Fred Daniels

Catriona of the Isles

Pamela Brown Has a Scots Role
in Her New Film

London-born Pamela Brown has temporarily deserted the stage for the screen, and has recently spent eight weeks in the Hebrides working on the latest Michael Powell—Emeric Pressburger picture, *I Know Where I'm Going*. Stars of the film with Pamela Brown are Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey. The story is dramatic and very human: it tells of a young girl from the Midlands (Wendy Hiller), who on her way to marry a rich man living in the Hebrides is forced, by storm, to spend some days on the Island of Mull. Here she meets a young naval officer (Roger Livesey) and Catriona (Pamela Brown). The rather sophisticated Midlander is deeply moved by the simple sincerity of the islanders, and the effect of her short stay alters the course of her whole life. *I Know Where I'm Going* is Pamela Brown's second film. She was first "discovered" in *Hedda Gabler* at the Oxford Playhouse; since then she has created the name-part of Claudia in London and was a striking Ophelia in Robert Helpmann's production of *Hamlet*.



Anglo-American Party: United Nations Friendship Committee Dinner at Cirencester

W. Dennis Moss

Roast turkey and apple pie at the Crown. Left to right: Major Bernasconi, Mrs. Tovey, the host, Mr. W. G. Tovey (the Mayor and Chairman, U.N.F.C.), Col. Simpson, Mrs. Chester-Master, Col. Louis M. Orr, Lady Cripps, Major Hinshaw

Sir Frederick Cripps, Major Payne, Mrs. D. A. Stewart, Col. Johnson, Air Vice-Marshal Cassidy, who sang comic songs to his own banjo accompaniment, Col. Kirkland, Mrs. F. L. Pardoe, Col. Abramson. Thirty officers and Red Cross workers from nearby hospitals were the guests

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

War Dance!

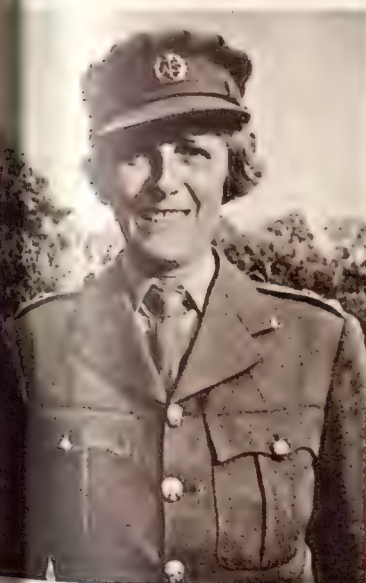
A FURTHER Picture from the Fire comes from a fighting front, but it does not concern fighting. It says: "Last year I ran a race meeting, and didn't know where the horses were coming from: this year it was a dance with a similar trouble about the necessary numbers of the fair sex! What headaches these organisations give one! However, the second was as successful as the first in the end." Fine work, for if I know anything about the "horses" in the part of the world from which he writes, none of them would be anywhere near the top of the Free Handicap, and likewise quantity and not quality was the leading note. They can bring back a memory of garlic, and, I think, musk rat. Anyway, I am glad to learn that this particular collection of warriors managed to hit up a pretty good Christmas party, and I hope that the next one will be on their own ground.

Sale and Barter

B RILLIANT legal brains, as is common knowledge, have expended much time and thought upon explaining to the laity the complications of the doctrine of "Caveat Emptor," which means, in language you and I more readily understand, the art of minding your eye; but none of the learned authorities has seemingly had the daring to say outright that most sale and barter is just a game of catch-as-catch-can, and, furthermore, that it is, in some ways—many ways, in fact—one of the most amusing and exciting ones in which anyone can indulge. This is particularly true if the thing concerned is just a chattel, though admittedly some people likewise manage to hit a lot of fun out of immovable property, such as a messuage, tenement or dwelling-house. In transactions concerning a chattel, title deeds as a rule have no connection: such chattels, for instance, as a talking parrot, a performing

monkey, or even a horse. In dealing with these, the art of fence is met at its very best. The parry, called *suppressio veri*, and the attack, *enuntiatio falsi*, are far from being secret weapons, and he, who enters the list believing that they are, starts the contest under a severe handicap. Example is often the shortest cut to knowledge. If then A. (the vendor) tells B. (the purchaser) that "You couldn't pull him down with a rope!" and "He's got eyes in his feet," he may be employing either the riposte of direct falsehood or the attack of suppression of fact. It is very difficult to say, for here, indeed, is a borderline case. No one has ever been known to try to pull a horse down with a rope: no horse, or any other animal, has ever had eyes in its feet. You get the idea? These tactics are not, so I have found, considered in any way reprehensible, but quite justified, because, not only do they add to the gaiety of the game, but they leave the other side in an almost complete black-out. What Sir Patrick What'sisname would be capable of doing to a witness who made such statements as those just instanced is not very profitable, or even comforting, to conjecture, though, on the other hand, I fully believe that even this expert cross-examiner would find that he had met a foeman worthy of his sharpest steel. These assertions above cited are mentioned because they are merely some of the small change so frequently in circulation in transactions of the description under discussion.

(Concluded on page 180)



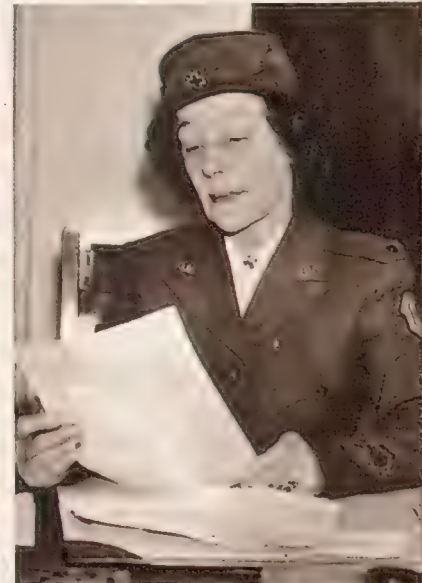
First Woman C.W.O.

Mrs. C. B. Colston, who succeeds Major-General Sir Cyriac Skinner as County Welfare Officer for Bucks. Her husband is Regional Controller, Ministry of Production, London and S.E. District.



New Y.W.C.A. Director

Miss Jean Begg, M.B.E. (right), has been Director of Y.W.C.A. work in the Middle East for the last five years. She was previously National General Secretary for ten years in India, Burma and Ceylon; her new post is Director in those areas. With her is the Hon. Isabel Catto, who is temporarily taking charge of the W.V.S. in the Middle East



"Grey Lady"

Mrs. May Keith-Johnson, who founded the British counterpart of the American "Grey Ladies." They visit and entertain the wounded in military hospitals.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

I suggest that they are absolute models. As to talking parrots, we know what the vendor said in reply to the intending purchaser's enquiry: "Can he talk?" "Lady, I'd just hate to tell you *what* he can say!" Yet another example of the absolutely non-committal! And now...

A Case of Deception

IT had to do with the equestrian adventures of a legal luminary who had been ordered horse exercise for medicinal reasons. His wife, a hard-punching and very beautiful lady, bought him a horse from one Mr. Alfred Harding, mainly because she had had a row with her regular dealer, Mr. Ananias Smith. This animal had proved most unsatisfactory—in fact, had gone away with his lordship in Rotten Row, and finally deposited him at the feet of that stern effigy of (I think) Ajax defying the lightning. As soon as his lordship had sufficiently progressed towards convalescence as to be able to think of going on with his doctor's prescription, his wife deputed a chap, who was called The Vulp, because he looked so like a fox, to obtain another and more suitable animal.

The Vulp at once went to the aforesaid Mr. A. Smith, and something like the following colloquy took place:

"It's appreciable as a dirty tripe'ound, like 'Elfarding,' would put it across 'im, an' 'e 'as. 'Owever, their bone-headed egegarioussness is no business of mine, but if they'd come to me—"

"Yes?"

"Well," he said, "there's that grey 'orse as won't go in 'arness."

"Yes?" ventured The Vulp. "The one that's been known to shy at his own shadow?"

"Shy?" said Ananias, with bitter scorn, "'im shy? Why, you couldn't frighten 'im, and a baby could ride 'im with an 'ay rope in 'is mouth and..."

"And yet," said The Vulp, "I think I've noticed you always put a long cheek and a gag on him, and you once told me that if he thought about going, he wouldn't stop this side of Tibet!"

He passed over the remark in offended silence, and then continued: "You couldn't *make* 'im



Nuttall—Irvine-Fortescue: Bengal Wedding

After the wedding last December at Comilla of Lt. D. S. Nuttall, R.A., elder son of Major Ellis Nuttall, of Sparkford, Somerset, and Ensa pianist Miss Virginia Irvine-Fortescue, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Irvine-Fortescue, of Kingcausie, Milltimber, Aberdeen. Left to right: Ensa star Marie Burke, Capt. H. T. J. Jones, F.F.R. (best man), the bridegroom (M.F.H.), the Blackmore Vale, before the war), the bride, Capt. Glynn, Ensa Area Organiser, and Major-Gen. G. W. Symes

run away, and the blinkin' cat sleeps on 'is back..."

"To keep the rats off, I suppose?" said The Vulp.

Documents in the Case

THIS grey horse eventually became the property of Sir Lawrence; principally, as I found out afterwards, as the result of a bit of special pleading on "Ananias'" part, an excerpt from which reads: "Having 'eard my lordship, of your lordship's accident owing to the imposititional conduct of a man for whom I never had any other opinion than 'aving been once a mongrel is always a dirty dog per contra as Sir Erbert Spencer would say—I take my pen in hand to wish as your back is better my lordship and you are. once again a setting on the woosack to tell you as I have the very kind of 'orse the livin' best as can be bought worth the money for sixty guineas pounds to you hoping your lordship is well and with kind regards."

The end of this story is quickest told by a letter which Sir Lawrence wrote from a nursing home some little time afterwards to one of his brother Justices. It ran:

"Dear Ben—Don't ever have anything to do with the turf. I've just bought two horses, one of them through one of the —est robbers this side of the walls of Pentonville. The first time I rode the — he ran away with me for several hundred yards till he fell over a golf bunker. I then lent the — to Badgerface J., who fancies himself as a jockey, and when he came back in a taxi, he said the — had run away with him for several miles and he thought I'd better enter him in the Grand National. Next day I put my sister—a most irritating person, who always talks horses and huntin'—on him, and he ran away with her for several hours, and this is what one's wife's friends stick one with. However, I'm not such a — fool as they think, and can see as far through a — brick wall as most, and they'd better watch it, as I'm — well fed up!"



Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Captains

R. A. Hancock, Oriel, Oxford. He has got his degree and is doing Scientific Research for his last year. He will run in the mile and three miles

Ian M. Simmonds, Pembroke, Cambridge; captain of the C.U.A.C. He is studying Medicine and will run in the half-mile against Oxford next month (March 10th)

Oxford and Cambridge Hockey Captains

D. R. Stuart

J. B. Dossetor (Marlborough and St. John's), Oxford. He is a medical student, plays left-back, and is representing Oxford for the third time

Kenneth H. Buckley (Canford and King's), Cambridge. He is taking an engineering degree and also plays left-back, as he did last year. The Varsities meet on February 24th



Officers of the 4th Worcestershire (Evesham) Battalion, Home Guard

On ground: 2nd Lieut. W. C. Ashwin, Lieut. L. W. Wilkerson, 2nd Lieuts. F. J. B. Rundle, H. E. Rose, F. B. Cole, J. A. Lloyd, E. A. Darley, D. Welton, A. J. Wheatley, W. E. L. Davies. Front row: Capt. G. K. Stephens (Adj. and Q.M.), Lieut. R. A. A. Arkwright, Capt. C. Renfrew, R. J. W. Monnington, E. Wharton, M. F. Grant, P. H. West, Majors R. C. Lees, M.C., R. H. Stallard, M.C., H. C. M. Porter, D.S.O., Lieut. Col. W. H. Taylor, D.L., Majors H. Davenport-Price, M.C., G. C. Lees-Milne, S. B. Carter, M.B.E., Capt. T. H. Collett, T. H. Robinson, W. J. Titchall, J. C. Eeuwens, E. J. C. Vint, Lieut. J. Cathcart-Davies, Capt. H. Woods (Adj.), Capt. Fearnside. Middle row: Lieuts. V. A. Morrall, F. M. Warren, R. Randall, A. J. Harthan, E. E. Clarke, A. K. Paterson, D.C.M., M.M., S. J. Cole, G. F. Hemming, D.C.M., W. Bennett, W. F. Swift, S. J. Harris, M.M., G. H. Evans, B. Aley, W. H. Denbigh, L. Poulter, W. A. Cox, F. D. O'Neil, J. Goodson, W. G. Humphreys, A. Ballard, C. E. Smith, L. P. Stafford. Back row: Lieuts. A. W. Westover, J. E. Liley, L. C. Potter, H. R. Dudfield, W. H. Russell, G. W. Edwards, S. J. Rowland, C. N. C. Herridge, R. J. Munro, M. J. Hodges, N. Rees, H. R. Smith, W. F. Upstone, A. T. Winter, C. Clemens, J. A. Tate, J. Cotton, J. D. Wilson, J. E. Humberstone, H. J. Harrington, S. B. Stallard-Penoyre, T. F. Newbury, M.C., P. K. Giles. Behind: Capt. W. Ogilvy, M.B.E., Lieut. V. Schofield, Lieut. S. G. Russell, M.C.



Officers of a West Riding Regiment in the Royal Armoured Corps

Front row: Capt. T. Moore, Capt. B. Dutot (Q.M.), Majors B. Wadsworth, K. Robson, J. Heatherington (second in command), The Commanding Officer, Major A. Bucknall, Capt. J. Dow, M. Girling, A. Mathew, A. Westman. Middle row: Lieut. B. Law, Lieut. L. Williams, Capt. the Hon. J. Geddes, Lieuts. G. Buckley, H. Mason, P. Tunney, D. Batt, B. Mackintyre, P. Buckland, J. Stockley. Back row: Capt. L. Cook, Lieuts. A. Forsyth, T. Dickson, Capt. T. Richards, Lieuts. R. Wills, G. Clarke, B. Judges, Capt. S. Gorst



Officers of a Squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment

Right: Sitting: S/Ldr. T. S. Binet-Godfrey, W/Cdr. D. Salisbury-Green (O.C. the Unit), F/Lt. M. Clark. Standing: War./O. F. D. Divall, P/O. F. Williamson, F/O. L. Neville, F/O. F. R. Townsend, P/O. S. Wilson, F/Lt. J. Tavlin

The A.O.C. and Staff Officers of a Group of Flying Training Command

Sitting: W/Cdr. G. H. L. Easterbrook, O.B.E., Sq./O. Lady Alice I. Seton, Air-Cdre. L. G. Le B. Croke, C.B.E., G/Capt. A. M. N. David, W/Cdr. S. H. Potter. Standing: W/Cdr. A. G. Wilson, M.C., W/Cdr. L. A. Simpson, W/Cdr. L. H. Baker

Right: On ground: Lieuts. W. H. Weatley, T. A. Nanson, F. J. Woodroff, H. G. Grisenthwaite, J. G. Allan, Capt. A. S. McFarlane (M.O.). Front row: Capt. E. J. Brown, Capt. P. C. Litchfield, M.C. (M.O.), Capt. H. C. Miller (Adj.), Majors L. W. Ward, A. L. Pash, M.C., H. C. Brewer, Lieut. Col. R. L. Haine, V.C., M.C. (C.O.), Majors L. Plowman, W. C. Dodkins, L. Meakin (M.O.), Capt. R. E. Godfrey (Q.M.), A. L. Bryant, F. G. Collins. Second row: Capt. C. R. Burvill, Capt. J. B. Browning, M.C., Lieuts. D. H. Leck, M.C., L. Smetham, A. J. Fitton, G. R. Reeve, M.C., R. K. May, E. H. Fouraker, W. Peacock, M.M., W. R. Pullen, G. G. Boston, D.C.M., H. Chutter-buck, M.M., A. D. Anderson, P. G. R. Burgess, J. E. Hobbs, Capt. W. R. McIntosh. Third row: Lieuts. J. C. Lamb, F. S. E. May, F. A. Grant, M.M., T. W. Hague, W. A. G. Morgan, A. M. Brougham, 2nd Lieut. R. J. Brown, Lieut. W. J. Williams, Lieut. D. G. Cooke, M.C., 2nd Lieut. G. A. Day, Lieut. G. E. Garrard, Lieut. H. G. Launchbury. Back row: Lieut. J. Gates, Lieut. P. D. Wright, 2nd Lieut. C. B. Povey, M.M., Lieuts. K. N. Wilcockson, C. V. Rich, R. H. Goodman, F. C. Mair, C. A. Pratt, F. W. Hullett, C. F. Lloyd, A. I. R. Barnes, W. M. Whiteman, 2nd Lieut. S. W. Pruden, Lieut. R. A. Waime, M.M., Lieut. H. S. Crabtree



Officers of the 58th Surrey Battalion, Home Guard

A. W. Kerr

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Double Life

"I SHOULD love," one exclaimed voraciously in one's young days, "to be living a dozen lives at the same time!" These days it takes most of one's energy to live one. There remains, none the less, even to the most sober view, something fascinating about the idea of a double life. "Revelations," of the sensational headline nature with which some British papers brighten the British Sunday, need not, in all cases, be entailed. And—a case in point—Reginald L. Hine's *Confessions of an Un-common Attorney* (Dent; 15s.) contains nothing that could be called "staggering." Mr. Hine's double life falls under two headings: the law and literature.

One may learn, however, from this agreeable book how widely those two headings, between them, stretch; and more, how endlessly satisfying the author's alternation between the two has been. Still more, as Mr. Hine has added to literature, local history: modestly he calls himself a parish historian.

Mr. Hine was attached for thirty-five years to a firm of solicitors, founded as far back as 1591, in the amiable, ancient, agreeable country town of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. I have for Hertfordshire an affection that, I imagine, a number of people share: the whole county, though impinged on by modern life, seems to keep, in its demure towns and landscape of woods and lanes, a romantic, timeless English atmosphere. And for Hitchin itself I have an affection deeper than my superficial and fleeting views of it can explain. I was thus led to *Confessions of an Un-common Attorney* by my original interest in the locale. I enjoyed the book as much as I had expected, and found unexpected reasons for interest too.

Law

FOR one thing, how magnetic, as a subject, law and its practice is. It has taken a novelist of the Dickens scale to render its tentacular grip, its bizarre, relentless, impersonal on-and-on-ness. I speak, of course—as Mr. Hine writes—of civil, not criminal, law.

Few of us have inherited—many of us are in reaction against—our ancestors' passion for litigation; to judge from the muniment rooms in most country houses, a gentleman cannot have felt himself unless he had two or three suits on hand. And for every one black box or taped package under the family roof, dozens more remain in the lawyer's keeping. Not surprisingly, the attics and upper-rooms of the time-honoured firm in the Hitchin by-street were stacked and packed with such documents, dating back through the centuries. What a gold-mine for the historian, the humanist, the lover of local life! And in just such a triple role (by the showing of this book) did Mr. Hine browse

through them during his off-times from his official life. "The past," he says with relish, quoting a friend, "is the only dead thing that does not smell bad."

I cannot think of a better vantage point for the observation of English life than that of a man of law in a country town. Perhaps fully to appreciate his position he needs to have, like our author, interests outside law. In saying that Part I of this book, "Life in Law," was, to me, the most interesting, I would not wish to seem unsympathetic to Part II, "Life Outside the Law," or to fail to value the liveliness, versatility and good humour of this second half. What I do feel is that Mr. Hine's non-legal interests and gifts have gone far to fit him, to our benefit, to write about legal practice for the outsider. He blows, if I may so put it, dust from the ancient parchments.

The Past

MR. HINE'S *History of Hitchin, Natural History of the Hitchin Region and Hitchin Worthies* I do not, to my regret, know. Much of his local knowledge must inevitably already have gone into these books. Much, however, remains in evidence here, in the *Confessions*—neither Hitchin "regionals" nor general amateurs of county history need turn these pages in vain. The joys of research, the abysmal disappointments and dizzying triumphs of old book,



Kanova
Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald is the wife of actor Walter Fitzgerald, who has been playing Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," at the Stoll Theatre, and their small daughter, Julia, is a year old. Mrs. Fitzgerald is a daughter of Prebendary Kirk, of St. Paul's, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Rural Dean of Westminster

manuscript and document hunting are rendered with a most feeling pen. Character-sketches and anecdotes (in spite of the author's wariness as to the latter) abound. In the second half, we have "Life as a Man of Letters," and sections on writers, doctors, schoolmasters and at least one ghost that Mr. Hine has met. The last chapter, "Touching Upon Religion," has a moving close in ruined Minsden Chapel.

This book embeds a number of pleasing names. We have references to the manor of Potton Much Manured, and to title-deeds of a cottage called Button Snap. The parish register books of St. Ippolyts brought to Mr. Hine's notice these, defunct: Ann Almond, Woolmardine Plumb, Daniel Element, Abraham Tibbs, William Barefoot, Mary Bouse, Lydia Bodkin, Mary Gulliver, Sarah Single. "Is it not a shame," he remarks, "that names like these should have vanished out of village life, and that the tribes of Smith, Brown and Robinson should have usurped their places?" Two or three pages on he shows us, again, the poorer for such nomenclatures as: Abednego Atkins, Giver Battell, Ghost Butteridge, Paternell Bunne, Lamentation Caudle, Radulphus Doffer, Repentance Peacock, Greediana Tarboy and several more.

Portrait of an Artist

How far is an artist tied by the obligations of an ordinary man? Naomi Royde-Smith's distinguished novel *Fireweed* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) raises this question, which is to present itself, in different forms, throughout the different phases of her hero's life. Rufus Greynce, painter, has genius—genius (Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

JUST now the Good Resolutionists of the New Year are beginning to become bearable again. They have lost that arrogant fussiness which always accompanies conversion to Lost Causes. And New Year resolutions are usually lost before Twelfth Night. They are like tonics which make you feel enabled to remove mountains the first week and unable to face a mouse the second. For which I, always lowly among the fallen where Good Resolutions are concerned, am rather gleefully grateful.

A Good Resolution, when successfully carried out, is always so prim. It walks beside us like one unswelled in a world of sin. Yea, even though its pride merely consists in giving up smoking! It stands in self-conscious erectness and is usually very irritable when roused. It bolsters up its weakness by protestations of renewed health, vigour, riches and will-power. It opens windows, breathes deeply and everybody else catches a cold. Moreover, it adds another minor sin to the lives of those who fear that, should the tragic occasion ever arise, they would willingly exchange love for a packet of Woodbines. Happily, although successful resolutionists are in the beginning sustained by pride, they usually continue only by self-fear, and end—the only person in the least astounded—among the already fallen.

I myself am always making good resolutions and turning over new leaves, all of which virtue has ever only a symbolic value. Therefore, I have long since come to the conclusion that the making and the turning merely make the unmaking and the blotting a pleasant touch of vermilion in the drabness of life. I think that if my New Year's resolutions lasted until February, I should become quite

By Richard King

insufferable. Aggressive with the aggressiveness of a convert; rampaging in my desire to proselytise. Luckily for my friends, I have never yet reached that unconvivial apex. By the middle of January I usually feel as that family must have felt who, refusing to take their extra Christmas rations while Europe starved, offered to give them to any Worthy Cause—and never got a bid! I too, whenever I make a Good Resolution or turn over a New Leaf on New Year's Day, find by February 1, or sooner, I am left merely with a Magnificent Gesture on my hands.

The comfort is, however, that at least a magnificent gesture makes you feel magnificent while you are gesticulating. And that is always good for the soul. The triumph of a good resolution carried out to its bitterest length—and all good resolutions are inclined to be bitter when carried out in lengths—is not half so stirring as when it has just been formulated. Otherwise, it is too much like winning the V.C. and being expected to go on winning V.C.s in every walk of life. Nobody is very fond of the brave and the virtuous whose courage and virtue are self-conscious. To know yourself a coward and also to possess vices make one act of courage, one resistance to temptation, so inwardly staggering that—who knows?—it may happen again. Perhaps the more often we fall, having striven, the more invisibly we may still keep rising, and a death-bed repentance thus, only be an accumulation of our lost endeavours—admirable, because at least it showed whereafter the Spirit strove. And striving humbly, and failing, can often make us better men than when we proudly succeed and exhibit our pride to all the world.



Prince George Galitzine and His Family

Left: the George Galitzines' baby daughter was recently christened Caroline Mary. Prince George Galitzine, a Major in the Welsh Guards, is the second son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine, and his wife is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Baron Rudolf Slatin Pasha. They were married in September 1943



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Rowan and Daughter

Right: Mr. Leslie Rowan is one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries, and married last year Miss Catherine Patricia Love. Their small daughter, Sarah Josephine, was christened at Holy Trinity, Brompton, not long ago. Mr. Rowan is a former England hockey captain and a Cambridge triple Blue

Family Pictures



Broderick Vernon

Mrs. Andrew Drummond Moray with her daughter, Alexandra, was photographed in Scotland. Her husband, Major Andrew Stirling Home Drummond Moray, Scots Guards, is a cousin of Lord Kensington. His family spend half their time in his native Perthshire, and also have a house at Chobham



Broderick Vernon

Mrs. James Drummond Moray is the wife of Major James Stirling Home Drummond Moray, laird of Abercairny, in Perthshire. She is a daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester. Her daughter, Lucy, is with her in this picture

David Gurney
Mrs. James Gladstone was walking out her son, Jaimie, at Compton Beauchamp, near Shrivenham. She is the daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes, and her husband, Lt. James Gustavus Gladstone, is a son of Sir Hugh and Lady Gladstone, of Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfriesshire

Right: Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher and his wife have a family of six sons, four of whom were in the Army by the end of 1943. The new Archbishop, formerly Bishop of London, is seen here in the gardens of Fulham Palace, with Mrs. Fisher and their two youngest boys, who are still at school. Mrs. Fisher is a daughter of the late Rev. A. F. E. Forman, and granddaughter of Dr. S. A. Pears, a former headmaster of Repton



The Archbishop of Canterbury with His Wife and Two of His Sons

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 169)

Fourteenth Army in the Far East, and made a very frank report to the House on his return, and suggestions for what more could be done for our men out there. Lady Joan Birkbeck is the wife of Mr. Oliver Birkbeck, who was Master of the West Norfolk hounds from 1929 to 1937, and is herself a very fine horsewoman. Lady Bruntisfield, another good horsewoman, was dining with Earl Fortescue at a nearby table. Her eldest son, John, is now in North-West Europe, where he rejoined his regiment just before Christmas, after he had been an instructor at Sandhurst for some months, passing on the valuable knowledge of modern warfare he had gained first-hand in the Middle East war zone, where, incidentally, he was awarded the M.C.

First Night

MRS. CHURCHILL, vainly chased by a photographer on her way to the front row of the stalls with Lady Juliet Duff, was at the opening performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the latest addition to John Gielgud's season of repertory at the Haymarket Theatre.

A few rows behind her sat the Argentine Ambassador with the Duchess of Westminster; Cecil Beaton with Lady Cunard; Major-Gen. R. F. E. Whittaker, Sir Kenneth Barnes and his sister, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, were together; and Mr. G. E. V. Crutchley, the well-known Oxford and Middlesex cricketer and his wife were there to see their daughter Rosalie, as Hippolyta, in the play. Sir Louis and Lady Sterling were in their customary front-row stalls, and in a box with Mr. George Rylands, the Cambridge don who produced *Hamlet*, were Mrs. St. John Hutchinson and Lady Rothschild. Mr. Rylands appeared to be taking a keen interest in the work of Mr. Nevill Coghill, sub-rector of Exeter College, Oxford, who has directed *The Dream*.

Stage and film celebrities present included Diana Wynyard, who has just started rehearsals for *The Wind of Heaven*, Emyln Williams's new play; Deborah Kerr; and Clare Luce, who goes to Cambridge next week with the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company to appear at the Arts Theatre as Viola in *Twelfth Night*, as one of the Merry Wives, and as Beatrice in *Much Ado*.

Here and There

At the Dorchester, Lady Cowdray, warmly clad in a fur coat and fur-lined boots, was with Jean Lady Brougham and Vaux for lunch; W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato, in uniform, lunched near by. Afterwards I saw Lord Revelstoke in the inevitable bus queue, awaiting his turn: since then he has left for Paris to discuss the repatriation of prisoners of war at the end of the war with the Red Cross Headquarters in Paris. The Countess of Pembroke, all in black, with a black-plumed hat, was in Grosvenor Street, on her way to see the early spring collection at a famous dressmaker's.

In the evening, I saw Major-Gen. and Mrs. Bob Laycock dining à deux, the latter looking very attractive in black and white (she has abandoned her neat "page boy" coiffure for a shorter and curlier cut); Lord and Lady Iliffe were another couple together; Lord Simon was greeting friends as he entered the room for dinner; and Lt.-Col. Derek Mullins, just home on leave from Italy, where he is commanding his regiment, was looking very bronzed and well and greeting friends all round, who were delighted to see him after an absence of over three years.

Two names were wrongly spelt in the caption to the picture of Mrs. Richard Hawkins in our issue of January 17. Minsterley is the home of Capt. and Mrs. Robert Stafford, not Ministray. The Atherstone Hounds were misprinted as Atherley. Our apologies.



Above is Diana Wynyard arriving at the Haymarket Theatre for the first performance of the play, and on the left in the stalls is the Argentine Ambassador, who kept on his coat and gloves, sitting beside the Duchess of Westminster



First Nighters at "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

which Miss Royde-Smith makes one feel by a series of implications rather than by attempted direct statement. We see Rufus as nursery child (orphaned by the time he is five years old), public schoolboy, airman in the last war, experimentalist, traveller, lover, husband and father. We are given, in a series of well-connected scenes, the life of his family for two generations before his birth, and an admirable picture of Michaelsford, the lovely country house in which so many generations of Greynes have lived, loved and died. All this—the past, the strange fatality that hangs over the Greynes—while it does not explain or account for Rufus's genius, does add complexity to his psychic state.

For the point is that Rufus is never a straight "bohemian," any more than he is that stock-figure genius of the rolling eye, eccentric and grubby habits and violent detachment from all but his own world. He is, and is consciously, the child of a tradition in which love, self-abnegation and honour come first.

This tradition is strongly with him at Michaelsford and at the ancient public school Beauminster; it follows him in his friendship with his cousin, Tom Quicksett, and in the persons of his brother and sister and of his old governess, Wicky.

To the Greynes, as squire and soldier stock, art, the uncompromising art of Rufus's painting, must be a puzzling and, for its own sake, not wholly acceptable phenomenon. Their acceptance of Rufus, his powers and his destiny, is an act of faith. Only Lady Emily, the step-grandmother whom nothing dislodges from Michaelsford, fails to rally from—or, be it said, forgive—Rufus's early portrait of her, "Lady in Red." Lady Emily, as what one might call an anti-influence, is by no means negligible: she is also an endless joy to the reader—crisis and comedy follow in her train.

Rufus Greyne's view of life lacks, has to lack, the ordinary human continuity. He knows only that succession of unpredictable visionary moments that are to mean pictures. He knows only one imperative. Is it, then, to be wondered at that he fails in human relationships, leaving behind him mystification, dismay, anger or sheer pain?

The little dancer who loves him disappears, unnoticed, out of his life; his marriage is as shortlived as it is arid. This war, at its outset, disturbs him no more deeply than did the last—chaos and ruin are only part of the pattern of paintability. Is this to last? So it seems. But then, after a night that followed a crucial meeting again, change comes: he comprehends love, only to lose the beloved. His life, like the city that he has known, lies around him ruined. But fireweed, the flower that grows from ruins, becomes the symbol of his new, fuller vision. Hence the novel's title, *Fireweed*, leaves a deep and haunting impression upon the reader.

France

I HOPE that *Cocks in the Dawn: Reminiscences of France*, by Sylvia Leith-Ross (Hutchinson; 6s.), may be widely read. Here, in a series of picture-chapters—the early ones purely delicious, the later deeply moving—we have the story of an Englishwoman's understanding love for France. (Surely love, for a country as for a person, always does have a story—first meeting, fresh meetings, revelations, deepening, changes of emotional gear?)

You will remember, in this author's *African Conversation Piece*, that intuitive penetration into the inner life of a race and country other than her own. Superficially, France would seem an easier proposition than Africa—but, for the average Anglo-Saxon, is it really? Geographical nearness, some likenesses to ourselves, the inevitable superficiality of travel and, from time to time, the strained circumstances of war; may these not make for misreading, for facile, false impressions?

Childish happy summers at Etretat, schooldays in a Paris convent and the time at a Fontainebleau finishing-school gave place, for Mrs. Leith-Ross, to deeper and more testing experiences in France.

French hospitals in the last war and in this, renewed contact after years with the same friends, and visits, in the country and in provincial towns, to French homes have all added understanding to original feeling.

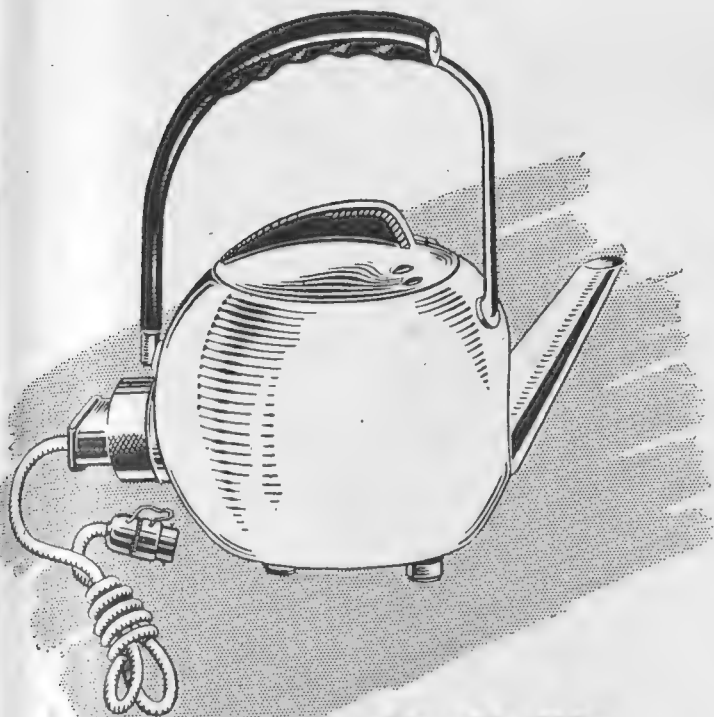
French family life is, to most of us, a closed book—I found Mrs. Leith-Ross's passages on that subject as enlightening as they evidently are wise. *Cocks in the Dawn*, which draws its title from a dawn moment at Rocamadour, in spring 1919, is written with the unsentimental distinction that its subject deserves. It is, at the same time, a delightful, engaging and vivid book.

In the Wool

A NEW Ngaio Marsh detective novel, and one of her best; what could be a better tonic for midwinter? *Died in the Wool* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) has, as is usual with Miss Marsh, a good many elements other than crime and mystery.

The discovery of a blonde female New Zealand Member of Parliament, considerably the worse for wear, inside a bale of wool ready for shipping, leads to a fascinating psychological investigation conducted by our old friend Alleen more than a year after the crime. Alleen goes to Mount Moon, the home of the late Flossie Rubrick, at the invitation of one of the four young people who now live there: these four, as the victim's relatives and, in two cases, heirs, feel oppressed by the uncleared-up mystery.

The emergence of Mrs. Rubrick's character, through different and conflicting accounts of her, compels interest, as does the account of life on a lonely New Zealand sheep-farm.



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QUALITY PRODUCTS

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AND NOW...THE AUSTIN 10 for after the war



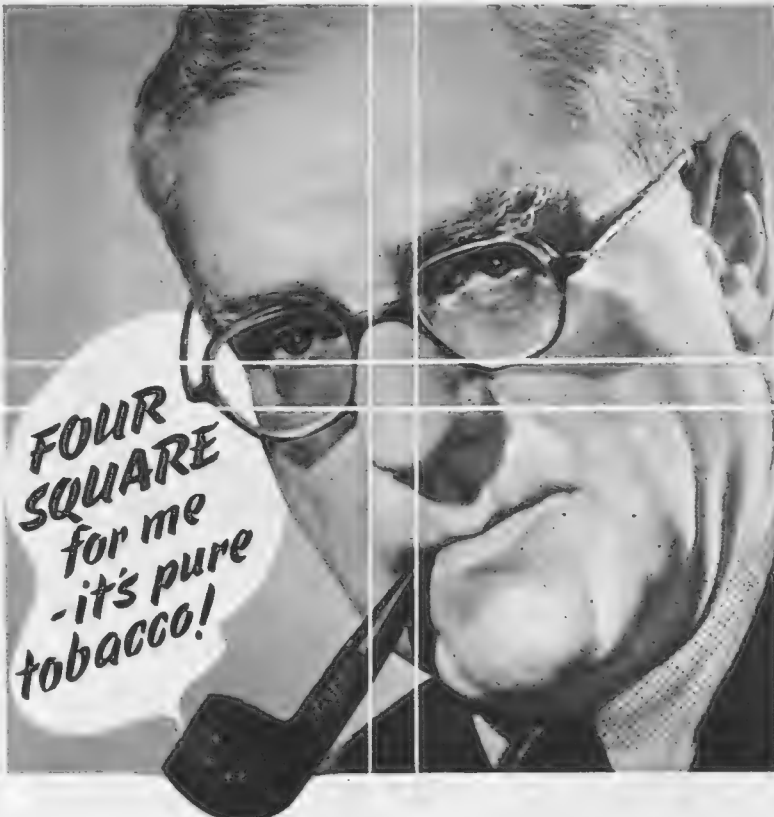
Among the many important war-time advances which distinguish this 10 from its 1939 predecessor are: engine and transmission improvements for quieter running and yet longer life; "softer" engine mountings; lubrication refinements ensuring longer bearing life; improved gear-box; easy variable-ratio steering; extensively sound-insulated chassis with strengthened spring mountings; stronger back-axle mechanism; seating and interior re-designed for added comfort.

In short, the Austin 10 will be the most comfortable, and dependable family 10 yet built.

★ In addition to this 10, the Austin post-war programme will comprise 8, 12, and 16 H.P. cars—four-door saloons only, with choice of three colours.

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Polka dots brighten this fine jersey shirtmaker made by Wolsey in nine colour combinations. Pleats back and front give skirt fullness, an adaptable collar gives it double life. *Marshall and Snelgrove* have it, price £7 1s. 4d. approx.



High crowns distinguish the new hats. This one is fur felt, equally becoming with or without the veiling, £5 12s. 6d. From *Selfridge's*.



Large-size handbags are few and far between. Here is one of smooth box calf in black or brown, leather-lined, £7 18s. 4d. From *Selfridge's*.

Wedge Court shoes in two-colour combinations: black suede with poppy calf and brown suede trimmed tan calf. *Dolcis* shops this month.



SHOPPING ROUNDABOUT

"Double Two" blouse, so called because of the spare collar, has an adjustable neckline. In all colours and sizes, £1 5s. From *Selfridge's*.





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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

MACPIERSON was strolling down the street when he noticed what he thought was the familiar figure of a friend. Quickening his steps, he came up to the man and slapped him on the back. To his amazement and confusion he then saw that he had greeted an utter stranger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically, "I thought you were an old friend of mine, Mackintosh by name."

The stranger recovered his wind and replied, with considerable heat: "And supposing I were Mackintosh, do you have to hit me so hard?"

"What do you care," retorted Macpherson, "how hard I hit Mackintosh?"

"**S**PEEDING the parting guest," might be described as one of the negative virtues of hospitality. A woman rather overdid the part. She was saying goodbye to some visitors who had long out-stayed their welcome.

"It was so sweet of you to let us stay so long," they said with effusion.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've been," she replied, with obvious relief.

THIS is taken from the Service paper, *Gen, Cairo*: A man once climbed a lot of stairs in a Civil Service department to see a friend of his who had got a job there. At last he came to an office where his friend sat at a very small desk and someone much more important sat at a much larger desk. While he was talking to his friend a messenger entered the room and handed the more important official a telegram. After opening it this official tore it up into little bits, flung it on to the floor, and began stamping round the room in a terrible temper.

"What's the matter?" the man asked his friend anxiously. "Is it bad news?"

"Oh, not at all," replied his friend. "He always does that with telegrams. You see, he can't read."

ONCE, in the post office of a small North Carolina village, a stranger saw the local patriarch sitting on a flour barrel and whistling. A bystander informed him that the old fellow had already passed his one hundredth birthday. Impressed the stranger exclaimed: "Isn't that amazing!"

"We don't see nothin' amazin' 'bout it round here," was the laconic reply. "All he's done is grown old—and took longer than most people would to do that!"

WHEN Diana Barrymore returned to New York recently and rang the bell of her mother's smart town house, a new butler answered the door. "Is Mrs. Tweed expecting you?" he asked.

"Mrs. Tweed was expecting me before I was born," the imperturbable Diana answered. "She's my mother."

ASTRANGER to the village entered the post office and said that he had called for a parcel addressed to Mr. Jones.

The postmaster looked suspicious. "Oh, have you," he said. "But how do I know you are Mr. Jones?"

"Why, have a look at this," the stranger answered, and took out a photograph of himself from his note-case. "That looks like me, doesn't it?"

"Ah, so it does," answered the postmaster, and handed over the parcel.

ABUMPTIOUS fellow was giving evidence in a police-court.

"You say you stood up?" asked the magistrate.

"I said," retorted the conceited one, "that I stood. If one stands one must stand up. There's no other way of standing."

"Oh, isn't there?" replied the magistrate. "Pay two pounds for contempt of court, and . . . stand down!"



Agnes Bernelle and Desmond Leslie have recently announced their engagement. Miss Bernelle is the actress daughter of Rudolf Bernauer, the Hungarian producer and author of the original "book" of "The Chocolate Soldier"; her fiancé is the son of Sir Shane Leslie and was recently invalided out of the R.A.F. in which he served as a Spitfire pilot.



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Pilots of a Canadian Squadron in Belgium

Wing Commander "Johnny" Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous fighter ace, commands a Canadian Spitfire Squadron and is seen here with three of his pilots: Flight Lieutenant Russell, D.F.C., Flight Lieutenant Douglas and Squadron Leader J. Mitchell.

Engine Size

It would be a great advantage if we could come to some generally accepted conclusion about engine power and engine size. It would be a great advantage if the Government could come to some conclusion about the amount of tax proposed at some given future date to levy upon each unit of engine size or engine horse power. And this applies both to aircraft engines and to motor car engines. I was very impressed the other day by some remarks by Sir William Rootes about the importance for Great Britain of a long term rather than a short term point of view. And his brother gave added point to them by demonstrating the absurdity of expecting a commercial organization to plan five or six years ahead when the politicians reserved the right of altering their policy not only from year to year, but even from month to month or minute to minute.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

No one suggests that those who control the destinies of this country are sane; but all believe that they are amiable. And surely they might in consequence give the aircraft and motor car industries the advantage of a stable policy, as to a periodicity matched to that of design and production of aircraft and motor cars. It is completely futile to expect our manufacturers to compete with others abroad unless they can see the taxation position and the general government control position sufficiently far ahead. And the interpretation of the word "sufficiently" is to be found in the time periods required for the design and production and testing of a prototype and for the tooling and preparation of a production programme.

Tax by C.C.

THOSE who read these notes know that I am an ardent supporter of the metric system. I cannot understand why we do not accept it for both motor cars and aircraft. And I am—rather less ardently—a supporter of the taxation by metric capacity now accepted as the future rule in this country for motor cars. Many could have proposed other systems with points of special advantage. But the motor car industry had learnt the lesson that it must unite or die. It chose to unite and to put forward unanimously (I use that word in the slightly watered-down democratic sense) the view that tax on cubic capacity was better than tax on that extraordinary thing called taxation horse power.

In the future if we know the metric capacity of an engine, or the number of litres of swept volume, which is the same thing, we shall at once know the tax. Some of those ludicrous horse power figures will disappear. Some of those extraordinary tax rates will disappear with them. For myself I shall benefit by about 5 per cent. Some people will lose. It depends upon whether you possess a motor car with a long stroke or a short stroke engine. And that taxation should depend upon such a technical point is obviously wrong. So whether we like the new form of tax or not, it is certain that it is better than the old tax. But it is also equally certain that all taxes are bad. The aim should really be—and I state it with breath—to abolish all taxes on motor cars. To make motor cars free. What a sensational theory! For although we have been told that this is a war for freedom, we have not had many signs that anybody except those who fight it are encouraging to believe it.

On the contrary the whole tendency is towards increased government control. Even the *Daily Mirror* (my favourite newspaper) which a few years ago showed some dislike of government control and was permitted to override it, now favours it. It will be most interesting to see the government version of the *Daily Mirror* which the *Daily Mirror* leader-writer himself, by implication, desires. But the government version of the motor car and of the civil aeroplane is likely to be even less spicy than the government version of the *Daily Mirror*. I am sorry to say that I have no evidence to show that government organizations are capable of producing a good aircraft.

Speke Speaks

It was the individual commercial enterprises that saved our aircraft output in this war. It was the private ventures that enabled us to oppose to the enemy aircraft, aircraft of equal or better technical quality. Sir William Rootes gave a good account of the turnover of the Rootes factories to aircraft work and of how they learned the methods required. And then there was that remarkable Speke factory, which was the model of what such things should be. His figures of production were impressive enough; but there was nothing so impressive as a visit to the factory itself. It literally spoke for itself.

In the future the aim should be a government policy stated sufficiently well in advance to give the designers and engineers a chance to prepare for it. It is true that no commercial enterprise can hope to exist under conditions which change from time to time without any predictable cause. Politics must be taught to curb their desire for frequent changes in order to suit commerce. Modern production, no matter whether the article be a motor car or an aircraft, must be planned ahead. And it cannot be planned ahead unless government policy is settled.



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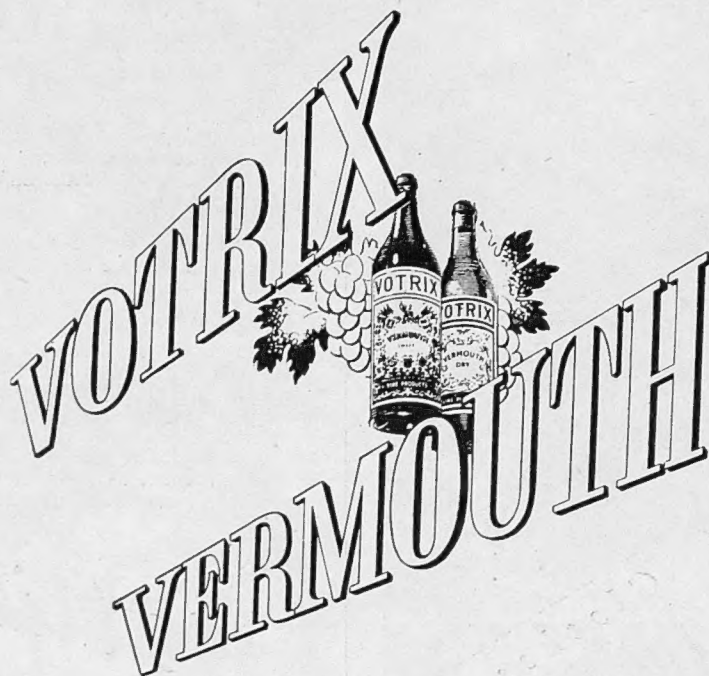
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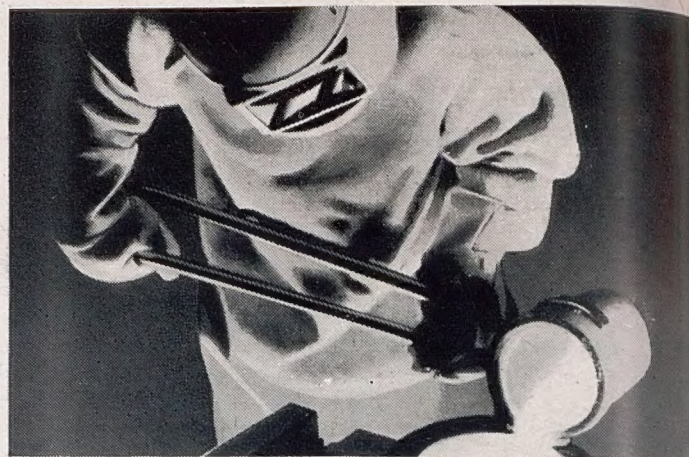
Jan: 30—Went to W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, now that Daniel Prince is no more, there to pay my dues for Goods read. For News Papers and Magazines pd. . . 0.7.9. For two Logick Books and the rebinding of one Musick Book pd. . . 2.18.6. For some writing Paper with my name very neatly printed, and divers Inks, Pens, Etc. . . 0.19.11. Instructed the Manager to cause an Advertisement to be published in the Papers, inquiring for a Maid to replace Betty who made me so angry by her saucy manner this morning that I gave her warning to go away at Easter. W. H. Smith Assistants behave very complaisant and civil and I was persuaded to subscribe for one year to W. H. Smith's Library, wherein is a prodigious number of good Books. Pd. one Pound. Returned Home at 5 and for supper had some boiled Pork and Beans, a couple of Ducks roasted, Frill'd Potatoes, cold Tongue and Ham and a plumb Pudding.

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